

A Transferred Identity.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ORY IN THE NIGHT.

The night had grown very dark. Black clouds were drifting over the moon and blotting out the somber light of the old stars.

As I leaned from the carriage and with straining eyes vainly sought to pierce the gloom of the night the sound of the wind through the great pines foretold the oncoming storm.

A feeling of intense depression seized me. Why had I come? At this moment I wished myself miles away. What a senseless quest this upon which I had entered! Suppose I was to find my old friend; would she be glad to see me? Was it not an unpardonable intrusion to arrive thus, unheralded, at dead of night? Was there, in fact, any greater imbecility on earth than I, driving here, near midnight, over miles of rough country road to search for Portia Vane?

Ten years had gone by since Portia and I were graduated from the Canadian convent in which we had spent four happy, uneventful years. During that time we were as inseparable as any schoolgirl friends. I had idolized the beautiful, amiable southern girl, whose tales of plantation life in all its tropical color and indulgence had completely captivated me. Born and brought up in a rigid northern atmosphere, the glimpses I got through her conversation and letters of Portia's home life were visions of fairyland. Portia was stately, clever and talented. I was poor, inferior and plain. But the loveliest and wealthiest girl in the convent singled me out as her friend, and my gratitude and devotion to her were unbounded.

After our graduation we corresponded for two years, during which time I was employed in teaching and laying by money, for I intended some day to visit Portia in her southern home. She wrote me of her approaching marriage, urging me to be one of her bridesmaids, which pleasure I was forced to forego.

I received a few letters after her marriage, in which she spoke in glowing terms of her new life. Then I heard no more. We drifted apart, as all school friends inevitably do.

It is always the unexpected which happens. Whoever would have fancied that from his numerous train of relatives my uncle, John Mason, would have selected me, poor Prudence Mason, as the heir to his great property? When I had finished gasping over the announcement his lawyers made me, my first thought was of Portia, and that I would seek her at once to tell her the good news. Perhaps we might travel together; perhaps she was poor and needed assistance. Possibly there were children for whom I might do something. Remember an obscure plain teacher has few friends, and never in all my desolate, colorless existence had I so clung to any human being as to Portia Vane. I thought of her now as the carriage went jolting through this wilderness over the uneven roads, occasionally banging against a stump or the root of a tree. I saw her sweet face and heard again her gentle voice and remembered all her gracious and kindly acts.

"Will we soon be there?" I asked my driver.

There was a typical specimen of the southern "cracker," and in the monotonous, mellow accents borrowed from the negroes drawled out:

"Putty soon, ma'am. It ah 'bout tu mile. Soon's we uns get by Dead Man's swamp yu kin see the lights down yonder."

"Dead Man's swamp?" I repeated involuntarily. "What a horrible—a dismal name."

"Disimal place, tu," he replied, "thah hain't white noh niggah dah go in thah at night. All sorts o' curns an awful goin's on thah."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Waal," he droned, "I hardly know myself what I du mean. Thet's it. You know, ma'am, thet it's the mystery, thet's what skads. Now, if yu knows whet's happened, it takes half the scab off, but if thah's only stories an nobody willing to find out it's kind o' awful. Anyway, I kin tell yu this much—thah's lights seen in thah at midnight and terrible sounds heard. An some says, an they don't hardly like to whispah the word, thah thah's whet the voodooos meet."

"The voodooos?" I said.

"Yes, niggahs, yu know, whet do un-earthy things—eat dead babies, tab out folks' hearts an play with sapient's"—

"Oh, don't tell me anything more!" I exclaimed. "I've read of them."

"Waal, ma'am, it is somethin' disgustin' an awful to think on. I'm allus powahful glad when I'm yast the place."

A few rods farther the great forest broke away a little, and in the pallid light I could discern under the scattered trees stretches of morass, black, slimy and filthy. From the gaunt trees the long gray moss hung like lifeless figures dangling and dipping in the sullen surface of the stagnant pools. The swamp seemed interminable, reaching away in endless gloom under the low hanging branches. The moon came out from the clouds for one moment and sent a cheerless light down on the forbidding scene, but quickly withdrew, as if alarmed at what she saw.

It was a frightful place—wild and uncanny. The wind shuddered through the trees, and ghostly shadows seemed to lurk about their swaying, writhing branches.

"What a horrible place!" I exclaimed.

"Horrible? Yes, this hah is Dead Man's swamp," whispered my companion.

Though I was oppressed by these hideous surroundings, yet I was at the same time unaccountably fascinated, and leaning out I looked as far into the black vistas as the waning moonlight would permit. It seemed to my excited fancy that the trees beckoned me, and that the morning wind muttered that this awful place held secrets for me. I was conscious of a strange mental exaltation—almost a clairvoyance. Away, away in the depths of that melancholy swamp was there not something calling me?

Hark! What was that?

With a frantic gasp I clutched my companion's arm as out of the night, out of this dismal swamp, trembled and shrilled an awful cry like the wail of the lament day.

It reverberated through those black mysterious avenues and was caught up by a hundred mocking echoes, then slowly died away.

"My God! what is it?" I cried.

"They're at it," whispered my driver, and he struck the tired horses a smart blow, which sent them flying over sticks, stones and roots of trees. On, on we dashed in our wild flight from a cry.

It was not repeated.

The dead silence that followed by its contrast made the remembrance more appalling.

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expect him back very soon—possibly tomorrow."

"You have children, Portia?"

"One," she replied coldly, as if the subject were obnoxious—"a little girl 6 years old—a headstrong little creature. I can do nothing with her. I'm glad I have but one."

I looked at her in amazement. I had often thought of Portia as a mother. How tender, loving and womanly she would be in that relation! I had pictured her biding a baby on her breast and looking down at it with that divine expression only to be seen in a young mother's eyes, and I had fancied her surrounded by merry, romping, happy children. Her scarcely veiled distaste for maternity shocked me.

"You must be very weary, Prudence," she said after a little. "If you like, I will show you to your room."

As I was only too anxious to be alone, I signified my wish to retire at once.

Rising, my hostess took from the mantle a tall silver candelstick and led the way through the wide hall and up the old time winding stairs.

I followed, with a strange sinking at my heart. My reception, though courteous, had been utterly mechanical. I saw my blunder in having thrust an unsolicited visit upon an old friend who, alas! was not the friend of old. I reflected, however, that it was not necessary to prolong my stay and decided that as soon as possible I would return north with my stock of disillusion, which now weighed upon me like the burden on Pilgrim's shoulders.

The room into which Portia led me was large and gloomy. There were a vast four posted bed and a huge wardrobe with carved panels. A fireplace with ancient andrions, mahogany table, chairs and old fashioned lounge, made up the main furnishings of the apartment. There were quaint gilt candelabra on the marble mantel, and a few portraits of dead and gone Marchmonts adorned the walls. The only modern piece of furniture was a tall cheval glass standing directly opposite the enormous windows, which, by the way, opened on a balcony running the entire side of the house.

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"Why, you all dressed already?" she cried in surprise.

Without thinking, I carelessly answered, "Yes, I slept in my clothes."

The girl gave me a quick glance. "I was so tired," I said, "that I must have dropped to sleep before knowing it."

"Yes'm," she glibly replied, but there was a queer expression on her face. Presently she went over to the window as if to open it wider.

"Why, you sleep with you're shuttles open?" she exclaimed. "Wouldn't do that if I was you, miss."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Waal," she answered in some confusion, "I don't no, but sometimes folks gits kinder skeery. Wouldn't step with my shuttles open, 'deed I wouldn't. I'd like to keep my widders shet, but den she on de swamp side—dat's worse."

"Why is it worse?" I asked.

"Waal, miss, we ain't 'lowed to speak 'bout it—missus dat mad 'w'en she hyas us sayn anythin'. But I tell yu somethin' do goin's on in dat swamp just 'fere."

"Look here," I said, with a considerable show of asperity. "What do you mean by goin's on?"

"Waal," she hesitated, "screams an hollerin' an de debble's own noise sometimes. Dey say dat whin de voodooos go!"

"Why doesn't Colonel Marchmont put a stop to it?"

"Lord bless yu, miss, he don't care nuffin 'bout it. A lot ob drunken niggahs, he says, lie jest gives onals no ob de niggahs off his plantation go dah. An dey don't dast go. But de hyas de awfuldest noise, an Sue Bome hyas lights, an ole Pete told me las' night he wad down by de marsh, an he dechah he done see somepin comin out de swamp, w'd horns an tail an pitchfork."

"Nonsense," I said severely; "don't let me hear any more of such superstitions stuff."

"All right, miss," Lizzie said meekly, and as my toilet was now completed I told her she might go. I laughed heartily when I was alone.

"I am tasting some of the delights of southern life," I said. "Portia used to tell me about these superstitions slaves, but I don't remember that she said anything about voodooism. I must speak to her about it. It should be quite an interesting study. Of course that hideous scream I heard last night must have come from some of their horrid orgies."

Musing thus, I wended my way down the corridor and stairs into the lower hall. The great front doors were opened wide, and a flood of glorious sunshine was pouring across the tessellated floor. The sunlight cheered me. I banished all care and forgot my uneasiness of the night.

"I must have been mistaken," I argued. "It was only my tired nerves and disordered fancy. Of course Portia would never stoop to spying in that fashion. Absurd!"

I stood in the door and looked down the noble avenue before the house. The grounds of Swamplands were extensive and beautifully cared for. Great beds of brilliant blossoms, splashing fountains, parterres of closely clipped box and spruce and winding paths combined to make the picture most attractive. Far in the distance I could see the cotton fields, yonder stretched Dead Man's swamp, and here on the piazza, with her back turned to me and evidently quite unaware of my presence, sat Portia.

She was dressed in a filmy white gown. Her massive coils of hair revealed the shapely neck. Her head was bent. She was reading.

Before I could speak a side door opened and a little girl about 6 years of age came out upon the piazza. She held a bunch of scarlet blossoms in her hand and approached Portia with a timid air which troubled me.

She was a beautiful child, a miniature reproduction of the Portia I remembered. Long black curls fell over her shoulders. Her eyes were large and

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Insisting Upon His Rights. There is nothing like demanding one's right, says the New York Tribune. The average American will fight for his rights if you tell him that he cannot have them, but if you say nothing about them, he will turn away and let them go. He is a man of his word, and he has nothing to say to any one who tries to put himself in evidence the other day, however. Every one who travels on railroads knows what a car window is. A Georgia brute is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. Wherever it is, there it stays. If it is up it is like a hawk's ghost about downing. If it is down—well, it is down and down it stays.

The American who knows his rights and insists upon having them get into his car and settled back in the seat to read. It was warm and stuffy in the car, as it always is in cars, and he attempted to raise the window. It did not budge, and he took a firmer hold and gave a stronger tug. The window stayed right where it was. The man got a little red around the neck and gave a harder pull than before. Of course, the window was made to stay down, and it performed its proper function. For an instant there was a wild look in the man's eyes. He leaned back as if he were going to have that window open if he had to pull out the whole side of the car. He half-rolled up his sleeves and his lips were closed tightly. Then he suddenly sat down and calmly picked up a paper he began to read it. His eyes were intensely fixed on the page when the conductor came along.

"Tickets, please." The passenger raised his eyes, and there was a gentle questioning light in them.

"Will you be good enough to have some one open the window?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered the conductor. "I'll open it for you myself." But he didn't.

"Oh," said the conductor good-naturedly, "it sticks a little, I'll have a brakeman open it. Ticket, please."

"If you don't mind," said the passenger, with a smile, "I'll have the window open before I give up my ticket."

"You will have to give me your ticket," said the conductor, firmly.

"But I won't," replied the passenger, "until the window is open."

"I'll have to put you off this train," "Very well then, out you go!"

"But I tell you I'll send a man to open it," cried the conductor in disgust.

"And I tell you," answered the other, quietly, "that when he opens it, I will give up my ticket."

The conductor looked savage, but thinking better of his original intention he passed on without another word. In a moment a brakeman came in.

"Excuse me," he said, "until I open that window."

"With pleasure," responded the passenger slyly.

The brakeman gave a quick, sharp jerk with a little shake. It was the trick of the expert, the skilled window-opener, the past-master in his art, but the window did not move. It just stayed.

The brakeman went down the car, tried several windows, found one that would open, threw it up and returned to the passenger.

"Would you mind changing your seat?" he asked.

"Not at all," was the answer, and the "man's right" man moved down the car and took his new seat next to the open window.

"Thank you," he said to the brakeman.

"You are welcome," answered the other.

Just then the conductor re-entered the car and took in the situation at a glance.

"Ticket, please," he said politely.

"Certainly," answered the passenger in his calm voice. Then he went to his seat, while a fresh breeze came through the window and made the pages of his paper flutter in a sort of Yankee doodle-doo way.

Mr. Robert F. Walsh, in the Popular Science Monthly, thus recalls the origin of the present menhaden industry: It was in 1850 when an old lady, Mrs. John Bartlett of Bluehill, Me., boiling some fish for her chickens, observed a thin seam of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this she bottled, and when on a visit to Boston soon after carried samples to a leading oil merchant who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously applied their gill nets and sent to market thirteen barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of eleven dollars per barrel. In the following year the family made one hundred barrels. Then the value of menhaden oil having become recognized, many oil presses—of a more or less imperfect construction—were established along the coast, and the industry developed so rapidly that within twenty years the yield of menhaden oil exceeded that of the whale from the American fisheries.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Gives relief at once for Cough, Cold, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Nose, Sore Mouth, Sore Gums, Sore Lips, Sore Cheeks, Sore Chin, Sore Neck, Sore Shoulder, Sore Arm, Sore Leg, Sore Foot, Sore Hand, Sore Head, Sore Face, Sore Skin, Sore Hair, Sore Nails, Sore Teeth, Sore Tongue, Sore Throat, Sore Lungs, Sore Stomach, Sore Liver, Sore Spleen, Sore Pancreas, Sore Gallbladder, Sore Bladder, Sore Uterus, Sore Vagina, Sore Cervix, Sore Vagina, Sore Cervix, Sore Vagina, Sore Cervix.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, June 9.

Twenty incastrials were drowned at Brighton, Colo.—Two children were burned to death at Shakopee, Minn.—Ten millions of dollars were lost by the work of Pacific floods.—Forty German artillerists were stranded near Berlin.—The United States demanded \$1,500,000 from Spain for overcharged custom duties.—The British minister to Brazil obtained the release of two men arrested on an unknown charge.—The British steamer Stockholm City, from Boston to Havre and London, was crippled by a broken engine.—Six American soldiers carrying 108 men were lost by the sinking of the ship "Albatross" in the Gulf of Mexico.—A Maine coal miner was killed by a train at Everett, Mass.—A ukase has been issued appointing General Tchernichev a special officer for the protection of the imperial family of Russia.—Fred W. Goodwin is wanted in Lowell, Mass., on the charge of embezzling about \$1000 from Lowell Lodge Knights of Pythias. He has been arrested in Plattburgh, N. Y.—At the Maine intercollegiate tennis tournament, E. W. Dunn, Bowdoin college, won the championship singles.

Sunday, June 10.

The Veteran Hibernian's tournament will be held at Pawtucket, R. I., Aug. 10. Foote and Howard won the New England tennis championship in doubles.—The Bangor boys won the Maine intercollegiate games.—The naval contract of Lieutenant Fillette has begun at Portsmouth, N. H.—Twenty-five million feet of lumber were burned at Duquenois, Pa., entailing a loss of \$300,000.—Mrs. Beth Clark, aged 91, a native and life-long resident of Amesbury, Mass., and representing one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the state.—Charles V. Hoar, gentleman's furnishings, of Newmarket Junction, N. H., has been assigned for the benefit of creditors.—T. G. Jackson, aged 30, was caught between two sections of a freight train in the Boston and Albany road at Pittsfield, Mass., and crushed to death by the engine in 15 minutes.—Philip T. King, aged 45, a yard conductor in the Nantuxuck (Conn.) yard of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, was knocked from a car and another car passed over him, killing him. He leaves a family.—Adolphus, the 6-year-old son of Adolphus Shaeffer, a Williams-town (Mass.) butcher, was drowned in Greener river.—W. Porter of Hyde Park, Mass., has been elected general secretary of the Newburyport N. Y. M. C. A. Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World has been elected at his estate, purchased estate, Chatham, Bar Harbor, Me. Mrs. Pulitzer comes later.—Miss Hope Goddard, the Providence heiress, was married to U. Oliver Iselin of New York.

Monday, June 11.

Rev. Canon Ellis was instituted dean of the cathedral at Portland, Me.—The George William Curtis memorial will take the form of a monument and a course of lectures.—Passengers narrowly escaped death in a train wreck at Biddeford, Me.—A new opera house is to be built at Portland, Me.—Thirty cyclists were arrested at Deerfield, Me., for riding on the sidewalk.—James B. Mathes, who killed a man at Narragansett Park, R. I., is held for murder.—A man and young girl who were found from Housatonic, Mass., were caught in a New Haven hotel.—William E. Baraback of Pittsfield, Mass., was probably fatally injured by being thrown from a carriage.—The tuberculosis infected barn at the agricultural college at Amherst, Mass., was burned by an incendiary fire.—Professor Robert Herrick of Chicago, formerly of Boston, married his first cousin.—Ex-Congressman Wallace is to give a public library building to the town of Rutland, N. H.—Three large leeches were burned near Fall River, Mass.—Sawyer easily beat Johnson at the New York state bicycle meeting at Hion.—The conference of coal miners and operators at Columbus, O., came to no agreement.

Tuesday, June 12.

An American woman killed a robber at Maltrave, Vera Cruz.—A woman in Winchester, Mass., was knocked down by a horse and killed.—Mrs. William C. Weller of Dedham, Mass., was badly bitten by a bulldog.—Destructive forest fires are raging in the Nestora district, Mich.—The Kansas wheat crops are being ruined by the rising of the Walnut river.—The Iowa strike was settled by a restoration of the wages and rules of 1893.—Striking miners are suspected of burning railroad bridges at Birmingham, Ala.—The trouble between the Lynn and Boston street railway and its employees is settling.—Pope Leo XIII. reiterates that he will maintain his policy in regard to the church in America.—Missouri miners held an all-day conference at Kansas City without reaching any agreement.—A nephew of the United States Senator George of Mississippi was arrested at Memphis for forgery.—The flat blowers throughout the country have voted in favor of working through the summer months.—Howard B. Hoag was arrested again at Boston on a warrant charging him with embezzlement from the Grand Trunk railroad.—Constable Allen, who was shot by a German at Bridgeport, Conn., died.—A New York lawyer, David O. Clark, a prominent business man of Haverhill, Mass., dropped dead.—Mayor C. A. Bussell of Laconia, N. H., announces himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire.—Yale students voted to send an athletic team to England.—John McArthur, a 16-year-old boy, died at Lawrence, Mass., as the result of burns inflicted while he was playing around a bonfire.—United States officers claim to have traced of the men who robbed the Williamstown (Vt.) postoffice.—Jacob Mannix, aged 27, had both legs crushed at Meriden, Conn., having fallen between the cars of a freight train on Wednesday, June 13.

Wednesday, June 13.

A German warship and cruiser have been ordered immediately to Algeria.—Italian laborers were attacked by sympathizers of strikers at Armer, Pa.—The loss of life in Oregon by river floods will be comparatively small.—Canadian colonies claim that the English estate duties will hurt them.—Ex-Premier Stamboul-off of Bulgaria paid a farewell visit to Prince Ferdinand.—George Pinkert will attempt to cross the English channel, June 27, on his water-cycle.—Washington residents complain because they had no eastern mail for two weeks.—The plague visited in China, has caused deaths by the thousands and is raging still.—President Cleveland was slightly indisposed and will refrain from hard work for a few days.—London exchangers are dissatisfied with Home Secretary Asquith's ruling as arbitrator of the strike.—Miss Johnson won the honor of senior wrangler at Cambridge, Eng., defeating all competitors.—The Italian deputy, de Felice, sentenced to 15 years imprisonment for conspiracy, will appeal.—Governor Patton has warned Pennsylvania miners that he will resort to military force unless rioting ceases.—Great Britain insists on interfering at Bluefields, showing that she does not consent to the Monroe doctrine.—A mysterious black schooner with a Spanish

captain and a diminished crew agitates people at St. Anthony, N. J.—Fourteen strikers are charged with immigration in the killing of Knicker Burt at Brazil, Ind., will be tried for murder.—Representative De Forest of Connecticut thinks the Democrats will retain control of congress if the tariff bill becomes a law.—The prosecution in the case of Erasmus Wisman of New York, charged with forgery, claims that Wisman confessed and pleaded for mercy.—The glove schedule is likely to be greatly changed by the senate finance committee.—The house acted adversely on the Indian commission appropriation.—Senator Kyle's labor committee will meet Cox and Brown.—Senator Hoar made another speech against the pending tariff bill.—An Oklahoma farmer's son and three daughters were struck by lightning.—Striking coal miners are in revolt against their officers.—Haverley was a witness before the angry investigating committee.—The remainder of the bonds stolen from the Bray estate at Freeman, Me., were discovered in Boston.—A gang of six thieves was captured at Winsted, Conn.

Thursday, June 14.

Twelve hundred houses were burned at Yanaagata, Japan.—Wellesley college trustees appointed Mrs. Irwin acting president for the coming year.—Several men were arrested at Boston on the charge of passing counterfeit money.—Diamond specimens, pronounced genuine by experts, have been found in southwestern Mexico.—The president's health is so much improved that he is again at his desk and is receiving visitors.—Lawyer Thomas Riley was fined \$75 by Judge Barker, at Boston, for contempt.—J. M. Balliet, the superintendent of the Springfield (Mass.) schools is the man who is talked of for superintendent of the Boston schools.—Senator Hoar requests that the president be asked to communicate all letters from foreign powers concerning retaliation for proposed sugar duties.—Congress, either during the present or the succeeding session, must pass a bill repealing that section of the interstate commerce act which prevents railroad companies from pooling their earnings.—President Haverley finished his testimony before the Sugar trust committee.—Almer Bartlett, who managed the Astor estate, is dead.—A disastrous conflagration occurred at Panama. The loss is estimated at between \$1,250,000 and \$1,500,000.—The nomination of Charles R. Stone of New Hampshire as naval officer at Boston was confirmed.—A mob of strikers in the Brimlock (Pa.) region beat miners and compelled them to quit work.—Erasmus Wisman was a witness in his own behalf in the forgery trial.—Sawyer was again beaten by Johnson at the New York state bicycle races.—John B. Morrill of Boston, impeached the character of Eliza Ingham of Boston.—The prospect is not favorable for the extension of the Georges Valley railroad in Maine.—James B. Roberts of Philadelphia was elected general commander of the military rank, Knights of the Mystic Chain.—George Richardson was run over by a train at Bridgeport, Conn., and seriously injured.—The centennial of the Masonic grand lodge of Vermont, was celebrated at Burlington.

Friday, June 15.

Signs of a revolution appear at Guatemala.—A carriage repository was burned at Gardiner, Me.—Four men were killed by a boiler explosion at Linares, Mo.—A fire destroyed half of a business block in New York city.—The Due d'Orleans is betrothed to Princess Henrietta of Flanders.—Yale graduates are to have a power devoted especially to their interests.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 83d birthday.—Thirty harvesters were drowned by the overturning of a boat near Achill, Ireland.—Kansas Populists renominated Governor Leavelle and completed their ticket.—Commercial bodies in convention at Washington are in favor of railroad pooling.—Ware (Mass.) farmers are disturbed by the appearance of a fatal disease which is destroying cattle.—A breakfast is to be given to Mrs. Frances E. Willard upon her arrival in Boston next week.—Robert Buchanan, author and playwright, has been declared bankrupt, with liabilities of \$75,000.—Sir Charles Dilke advocates a policy of neutrality for Great Britain in the next European war.—The Brazilian government says the insurgents, and not the government troops, were defeated at Petropolis.—Benjamin G. Peters took \$5000 from his employees, and deserted his family at New York.—Comptroller Eckels says the new tariff will bring plenty of money and a revival of trade.—Fire destroyed 300 houses at Panama, at a loss of \$3,000,000, and rendered 5000 people homeless.—The University of Cambridge, Eng., is to confer the degree of D. L. D. on Captain Mahan, commander of U. S. S. Chicago.—The People's party in convention at Manchester, N. H., nominated George R. Epps for governor and adopted a platform.—The Imperial Federation league thinks Canada and Austria should help pay for English naval protection if granted subsidies for steamship lines and cables.—The treasury is hopeful that the tide of gold has turned.—The state department is satisfied that the Korean rebellion has been suppressed.—A witness testified that New York police guarantee "green goods" men protection.—A Buffalo lawyer was shot by the husband of one of his callers.—A man in Camden, N. J., killed his wife, three children and himself.—The accountant of the Schenectady, N. Y., Savings bank was found dead. His accounts are \$10,000 short.—Important testimony was given in the Fox will case at Hartford.—General Eaton declined an offer in exchange of the late Senator Patterson at Dartmouth college.—Burglars secured \$30,000 worth of booty at Milford, Conn.—A commercial traveler, who married an actress, was given a divorce at Farmington, Me.—Diplomacy in the Russian army is to be regulated by a court of honor.—A Dutch expedition is to be sent to punish the Rajah of Tombok.—Arms and ammunition depots were seized in the southern Caucasus.—The khedive's mother is trying to make a match for her son with the eldest daughter of the Sultan of Turkey.—Ex-Vice President Morton may say something soon about being a gubernatorial candidate in New York.

Saturday, June 16.

Signs of a revolution appear at Guatemala.—A carriage repository was burned at Gardiner, Me.—Four men were killed by a boiler explosion at Linares, Mo.—A fire destroyed half of a business block in New York city.—The Due d'Orleans is betrothed to Princess Henrietta of Flanders.—Yale graduates are to have a power devoted especially to their interests.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 83d birthday.—Thirty harvesters were drowned by the overturning of a boat near Achill, Ireland.—Kansas Populists renominated Governor Leavelle and completed their ticket.—Commercial bodies in convention at Washington are in favor of railroad pooling.—Ware (Mass.) farmers are disturbed by the appearance of a fatal disease which is destroying cattle.—A breakfast is to be given to Mrs. Frances E. Willard upon her arrival in Boston next week.—Robert Buchanan, author and playwright, has been declared bankrupt, with liabilities of \$75,000.—Sir Charles Dilke advocates a policy of neutrality for Great Britain in the next European war.—The Brazilian government says the insurgents, and not the government troops, were defeated at Petropolis.—Benjamin G. Peters took \$5000 from his employees, and deserted his family at New York.—Comptroller Eckels says the new tariff will bring plenty of money and a revival of trade.—Fire destroyed 300 houses at Panama, at a loss of \$3,000,000, and rendered 5000 people homeless.—The University of Cambridge, Eng., is to confer the degree of D. L. D. on Captain Mahan, commander of U. S. S. Chicago.—The People's party in convention at Manchester, N. H., nominated George R. Epps for governor and adopted a platform.—The Imperial Federation league thinks Canada and Austria should help pay for English naval protection if granted subsidies for steamship lines and cables.—The treasury is hopeful that the tide of gold has turned.—The state department is satisfied that the Korean rebellion has been suppressed.—A witness testified that New York police guarantee "green goods" men protection.—A Buffalo lawyer was shot by the husband of one of his callers.—A man in Camden, N. J., killed his wife, three children and himself.—The accountant of the Schenectady, N. Y., Savings bank was found dead. His accounts are \$10,000 short.—Important testimony was given in the Fox will case at Hartford.—General Eaton declined an offer in exchange of the late Senator Patterson at Dartmouth college.—Burglars secured \$30,000 worth of booty at Milford, Conn.—A commercial traveler, who married an actress, was given a divorce at Farmington, Me.—Diplomacy in the Russian army is to be regulated by a court of honor.—A Dutch expedition is to be sent to punish the Rajah of Tombok.—Arms and ammunition depots were seized in the southern Caucasus.—The khedive's mother is trying to make a match for her son with the eldest daughter of the Sultan of Turkey.—Ex-Vice President Morton may say something soon about being a gubernatorial candidate in New York.

Sunday, June 17.

Signs of a revolution appear at Guatemala.—A carriage repository was burned at Gardiner, Me.—Four men were killed by a boiler explosion at Linares, Mo.—A fire destroyed half of a business block in New York city.—The Due d'Orleans is betrothed to Princess Henrietta of Flanders.—Yale graduates are to have a power devoted especially to their interests.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 83d birthday.—Thirty harvesters were drowned by the overturning of a boat near Achill, Ireland.—Kansas Populists renominated Governor Leavelle and completed their ticket.—Commercial bodies in convention at Washington are in favor of railroad pooling.—Ware (Mass.) farmers are disturbed by the appearance of a fatal disease which is destroying cattle.—A breakfast is to be given to Mrs. Frances E. Willard upon her arrival in Boston next week.—Robert Buchanan, author and playwright, has been declared bankrupt, with liabilities of \$75,000.—Sir Charles Dilke advocates a policy of neutrality for Great Britain in the next European war.—The Brazilian government says the insurgents, and not the government troops, were defeated at Petropolis.—Benjamin G. Peters took \$5000 from his employees, and deserted his family at New York.—Comptroller Eckels says the new tariff will bring plenty of money and a revival of trade.—Fire destroyed 300 houses at Panama, at a loss of \$3,000,000, and rendered 5000 people homeless.—The University of Cambridge, Eng., is to confer the degree of D. L. D. on Captain Mahan, commander of U. S. S. Chicago.—The People's party in convention at Manchester, N. H., nominated George R. Epps for governor and adopted a platform.—The Imperial Federation league thinks Canada and Austria should help pay for English naval protection if granted subsidies for steamship lines and cables.—The treasury is hopeful that the tide of gold has turned.—The state department is satisfied that the Korean rebellion has been suppressed.—A witness testified that New York police guarantee "green goods" men protection.—A Buffalo lawyer was shot by the husband of one of his callers.—A man in Camden, N. J., killed his wife, three children and himself.—The accountant of the Schenectady, N. Y., Savings bank was found dead. His accounts are \$10,000 short.—Important testimony was given in the Fox will case at Hartford.—General Eaton declined an offer in exchange of the late Senator Patterson at Dartmouth college.—Burglars secured \$30,000 worth of booty at Milford, Conn.—A commercial traveler, who married an actress, was given a divorce at Farmington, Me.—Diplomacy in the Russian army is to be regulated by a court of honor.—A Dutch expedition is to be sent to punish the Rajah of Tombok.—Arms and ammunition depots were seized in the southern Caucasus.—The khedive's mother is trying to make a match for her son with the eldest daughter of the Sultan of Turkey.—Ex-Vice President Morton may say something soon about being a gubernatorial candidate in New York.

LOST THEIR TEMPER.

Editor's Friends Resented Uncomplimentary Remarks.

A Hand-to-Hand Fight Ensued Between Opposing Editors and Furniture Was Spashed to Kindling Wood.

Boston, June 14.—There were wild and exciting scenes last night at an indignity meeting in the Hebrew quarter, called to protest against the "yellow" charges preferred by Professor Zidekovitz, viz. in his paper, The Jewish Eagle, against the officers of the Sheltering Home.

Professor Zidekovitz, in recent issues of his paper, strongly hinted that the books of the institution were not reliable, and that all expenditures were not satisfactorily accounted for.

The professor, although he has only been in this country six months, has many friends among his countrymen. He was the late partner for the party that undertook to rescue General Gordon at Khartoum, and served in the same capacity for Henry M. Stanley in Africa. He was challenged by the accused officers to appear at the meeting and prove his charges. He appeared, as did several hundred of his sympathizers. Their opponents were about equal in numbers.

President Simsky of the house was the first speaker. He made remarks uncomplimentary to the editor. Immediately there was an uproar, and harmony was a missing factor the remainder of the evening. The president was obliged to give up the floor, and Secretary Barofsky undertook to speak. He charged Professor Zidekovitz with bringing a crowd of huns to create disorder. This caused a fusillade of groans and shouts of derision, and the huns could not restore order for over half an hour.

IN CONGRESS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in Both Branches.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The five-minute rule for the tariff debate has been adopted by the senate. The Indian appropriation bill was discussed in the house.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The spirit and letter schedules up to vote were disposed of with rapidity by the senate. The house acted upon District of Columbia matters.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The senate talked on the tariff, but took no action.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Anti-free wool speeches were made in the senate by Mr. Sherman and others. The Indian appropriation bill was further discussed in the house.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Speechmaking on the tariff was continued in the senate. The house further considered the Indian appropriation bill.

Death of a Maine Judge.

BANGOR, Me., June 11.—Judge Ezra C. Brett died here last night quite suddenly. His wife died only a few days ago, and he never recovered from the shock received at that time. Judge Brett was born July 29, 1824, in Poland, Me. After his marriage to Miss Jane Norton in 1847 he moved to Orlow, where he practiced law for some years. He was secretary of the state senate in 1893, and during the 12 years following 1891 was clerk of courts for Penobscot county. For 12 years following 1880 he was judge of the municipal court in Bangor.

His Strong Backing.

BANGOR, Me., June 11.—At a meeting of the city water board Saturday, the proposition of E. H. Clergue and others to build a pulp mill at the water works dam here was considered. Mr. Clergue proposes to manufacture ground wood pulp for export, and expects that in view of the saving in railroading freight consequent on shipping direct from this port, he can build up a big trade. He also proposes to run the city's electric street lighting plant. Mr. Clergue is backed up by at least one Portland millionaire, and says he can begin work in 30 days.

Brimo's Mass.

PROVIDENCE, June 13.—Fire broke out in St. Paul's coal pocket at Bristol, having caught from a spark from a hoisting engine. The fire spread to the Providence roller shovels works, the mills of the Richmond Manufacturing company, Wardwell's planing mill, Nathan M. Cole's lumber yard and a large tenement house. The damage amounted to \$25,000. Captain Andrews of the King Pulpire company was standing by one of the burning buildings when the wall blew out, and he was buried in the ruins and fatally injured.

Free Use of a Pistol

BOSTON, June 14.—Diego La Donna, 23 years old, has a quarrel with Fortunato Armento, 6 years old, on North street. La Donna shot Armento in the small of the back, causing him to drop on the floor. A second shot went wild, and struck Luca Sprea, an onlooker, in the left arm. La Donna then stood over Armento and shot him through his left arm. Both the combatants have the reputation of being tough characters and very free with the use of the revolver. The wound to La Donna will probably recover.

A \$3000 Verdict.

WEST SULLY, Me., June 15.—A stabling affair took place at a boarding house here during a quarrel. Alphonse O. Pinkham gave El Gay a severe wound in the shoulder. Gay is in a critical condition. Pinkham was arrested.

City Must Pay \$24,747 Damages.

BOSTON, June 15.—Lawyer R. M. Morse has won his suit against the city of Boston for taking a part of his estate at Jamaica Plain for park purposes. The complainant was awarded \$24,747 damages.

New Advertisements.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 11th day of June, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Mary T. Calhoun, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of MICHAEL CHILKATIAN, late of said Newport, deceased, be granted to her, and that she be appointed executor of said estate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 2nd day of July, 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

WM. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 11th day of June, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of John H. Dimes, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of said Newport, deceased, be granted to him, and that he be appointed executor of said estate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 2nd day of July, 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

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New Advertisements.

Election is Coming! 80 IS

June Meeting this Year.

And you will want a new carriage, so please call and see my stock for I can show you the best assortment and the lowest prices you ever saw in Newport.

Top Wagons, 10 different styles, from \$75 to \$200
Open Wagons, 12 different styles, from \$38 to \$135
Traps for two or four people, from \$90 to \$175
Road Carts, from \$25 to \$50
Order Wagons, from \$60 to \$160

Carriages, Phaetons, Bureaus, Bookcases, Wagonettes, Victoria, Banners, Palo Alto, Goddards, Concord, Express, Wide Track and Narrow Track, New and Secondhand.

Also Horses for sale or to let.

NEW CARRIAGES to let by Season.

LAWTON'S, Tour Street.

Potato Sprayer.

You wheel the barrel, we do the rest.

Sprays two acres of potatoes every hour.

Isaac L. Sherman is our Sole Agent.

This machine is also for sale by you. Would be pleased to show it to you. I have also added to my already large and varied stock.

Flashing Hooks, Lines and Tackle, Rubber Hose of all kinds, Philadelphia and all other Lawn Mowers, always in stock.

Paris Green and the ingredients to make your Bordeaux Mixture. Do not buy it ready mixed as it will fool you. Also all kinds of Bedding Plants, Garden and Farm Tools, &c., by

JAMES GOHM, 54 Broadway.

'Lecture Hams.

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE Armour & Co.

Star Brand, Sigaured.

IT IS THE FINEST HAM ON THE MARKET.

Try One

T. E. Sherman, 122 BROADWAY.

GET YOUR Ice Cream

KOSCHNY'S, 230 & 232 THAMES STREET, or at his Branch Store, 16 Broadway.

Cake, Ice Cream, Confectionery.

STRICTLY FIRST and EVERY CLASS DAY.

United States Hotel.

Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished.

Entrances on Pelham and Thames Streets.

Private Suppers & Catering A SPECIALTY. F. P. GOTT, Proprietor.

JAMES J. CONNEHY, ALBS, WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS. SAMPLE ROOMS, 48 HAMMOND STREET. Finest brands of Whiskies 5-20-2m in the city.

BROWN STONE.

'Lecture Specialties.

Flour XXXX Hazell "very best" \$1.50 French Prunes, new and fresh 3 lbs. 30c
Island Eggs, 10c Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, per can 00c

WINE. Gal. Bot. Gal. Bot. Gal. Bot.
Claret, 70c 70c Madeira, 1.00 1.00 1.00 1.00
Ports & Sherries, 80c 80c California Brandy, 3.00 3.00 3.00 3.00
Angelica & Catawba \$1.00 87c

These fine goods are from the Celebrated Vineyards of U. S. Senator Stanford and are guaranteed to be of absolute purity and are highly recommended for medicinal purposes.

TOKAY WINES. Especially recommended for women suffering from nervous prostration and requiring a mild and gentle stimulant. Gallon, 2.00. Bottle, 50c.

LIQUORS. Gal. Bot. Gal. Bot. Gal. Bot.
Lawrence's "old Medford Rum," \$1.75 N. E. Rum, 1.75
St. Croix, 3.50 Mt. Vernon, the best prices as usual.
Gibson's 4th highly matured, \$1.25 19.00 Miller's Game Cock, 1.25 19.00
Old Crow "Hermitage," 1.25 10.00 Canadian, "Club," Imported 1.50 15.50
"Peppor," 1.25 10.00

ROXBURY RYE. The cleanest, purest and best Rye Whiskey in the U. S., made by Geo. T. Gambril & Co., Washington, Co., Md. Per Bottle, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50. Per Case, 10.00, 12.00,

Poetry.

The Children.

Only to keep them so,
Sweet hands that clasp,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet eyes that look at us,
Sweet feet that tread so light,
Sweet voices that we hear,
Sweet faces that we see,
Sweet hearts that love us true,
Sweet souls that live in us,
Sweet spirits that we feel,
Sweet angels that we see,
Sweet saints that we adore,
Sweet saviors that we love,
Sweet sons that we cherish,
Sweet daughters that we love,
Sweet friends that we prize,
Sweet foes that we forgive,
Sweet enemies that we conquer,
Sweet angels that we see,
Sweet saints that we adore,
Sweet saviors that we love,
Sweet sons that we cherish,
Sweet daughters that we love,
Sweet friends that we prize,
Sweet foes that we forgive,
Sweet enemies that we conquer,

Selected Tale.

A PASTEL PORTRAIT.

BY NATH M. CLEARY.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the paint store and stared in at it, as he had done every day for the past week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some outlines marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mottled-draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughing-lips, the slightly parted scarlet lips had a shy drop of color, and a little dimple in the chin, the girl's face melted into the soft glow and dusky background was a wind-blown tangle of reddish-gold.

Harwood had often determined to enter and make an attempt to discover the identity of the original of the picture, but his courage had always failed him. Today he forced himself to the accomplishment of his desire. He entered the store, shutting out the whirling snowflakes and dimly saw in that picture—the pastel portrait in the window—for sale? he inquired.

"No, sir," he was told. "Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. The portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please!"

But when the rising lawyer had the slip again in his pocket book, and was out again in the white winter world, he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he originally prided himself.

It was a trifle troubling, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world, and the most generous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education and three years of European travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined to be liberal.

"If you refuse to meet Miss Fainsworth, Frank," she had asked.

"As a suitor—yes," he replied positively.

It was rather tired of having his aunt assure him that he never would meet a girl as beautiful, amiable, accomplished, altogether desirable as Miss Fainsworth.

"Frank," she asked, hastily, as a starting possibility occurred to her, "is there any one else?"

He hesitated. She repeated the question. He recalled the face in the paint shop window. He answered truthfully.

"Yes," he said.

"What is her name, Frank?"

"I do not know."

She looked at him sharply.

"Where does she live?"

"I do not know that either."

"Frank," she said, in a low voice, "surely you have not been drinking?"

He laughed out boyishly.

"No, Aunt Mary; I don't drink. But I'm afraid I'm nonsensically in love."

He laughed again now as he recollected the wondering dismay on his aunt's face. A passer-by turned to look at him. He had reached a row of high flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang a bell. A curly woman with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Third floor back," leaving him to find his way up as best he could.

The stairs were steep, dirty and carpeted. A written card was mailed on the door of "third floor back."

"Visiting Posters."

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the centre of the apartment. A handful of fire in a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?"

The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue-reined hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, deciding the solitary chair was as proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not for sale."

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer. He was ill and very poor.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a copy?"

"No, sir. The truth of the matter is this: The lady who consented to sit to me for that picture, did so out of her own sweet charity. She is so beautiful, and makes such a fine study, I fancied her face would bring me orders, where one less lovely, even if admirable as a likeness, would fail. I need not equate to you the reasons why it would be disastrous for me to abuse her kindness."

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ALL PERSONS, desiring of having water

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GOOD CHANCE FOR AN

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that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1894, my place

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We are daily receiving new carpets

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Prices as low as

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SPRING STOCK

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Great bargains in

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of every description, including all kinds of

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A good stock of BLUE STONE, constantly on

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Old Solace

Whiskey.

Sold in bulk, also in white and blue bottles

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Can Sell You a

GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF.

For 2 1/2 cts. per sq. foot.

Write for Particulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

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HOLLAND GIN,

Sold in bulk, also in imported white glass bot-

tles holding 1 qt. and 1/2 pt. (Imperial measure)

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Do you want one that is

Simple, Durable, Economical

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You can find all these qualities in the

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The offering of a single fly in one

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Pitcher's Castoria.

It is computed that there are in the

United States 43,900 blind and 33,000

deaf mutes.

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